



LASH LARUE WESTERN

No 54



CHARLTON PUBLICATION

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

king of the bulls

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

10¢

Stan Campbell

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE
COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!



Charles
Atlas

Awarded "the
title of 'The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man.'"

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vice-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cream your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

ARE YOU

Always Weak and

Run Down?

Always Tired?

Worried?

Lacking in sex?

Awake?

Can't last?

Gett'ing from bed

lumpy?

Full and happy?

Do you want to live

at your weight?

What to do

ABOUT IT is told

in my FREE BOOK

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DON'T MANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

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Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Exercising Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION before have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 325-L, 115 East 32nd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



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last 6 months

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—Henry Hoven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Snyder Lusk, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. J., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—E. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Gen.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Business

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

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115 East 32nd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

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- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Stronger Waist and Back
- ☐ Better Regulation, Digestion, Greater Sex
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Exercising Health and Strength"—32 pages, crisscrossed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is well to keep and reading for it does not obligate me in any way.

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(Please print or write clearly)

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City..... State.....

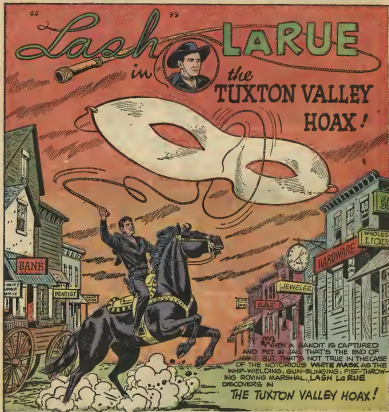
12 or under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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ERN ★ DANGER and ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★
HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LaRUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY
LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES
SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER ★ This is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★
TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

very effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



LASH La RUE, King of the Bullwhip
also appears regularly in **SIX-GUN HEROES** comics

ONE NIGHT, AS THE PRESIDENT OF THE TUXTON VALLEY BANK, BURTON POST, GOES OVER HIS BOOKS—

NOW WHO COULD THAT BE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

TAKE IT EASY, I'M COMING!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

A BANDIT!

DON'T MAKE A SOUND, OR I'LL FILL YUH FULL OF LEAD! JUST OPEN YORE VAULT AND NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO YUH!

NO ONE'S ROBBING MY BANK! I'LL—
UGH!

I WARNED YUH! NOW TO BETTER MAKE SURE NO ONE OUTSIDE HEARD THE SHOTS BEFORE I TRY TO OPEN THE VAULT MYSELF!

BANG!

BANG!

BUT THE SHOTS WERE HEARD BY NONE OTHER THAN THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE, WHO DRIFTED INTO TUXTON JUST THEN!

THAT HOMBRE LOOKS AS IF HE'S COMING AFTER ME! I'D BETTER FORGET ABOUT THE VAULT AND VAMOOSE BEFORE I HAVE ALL OF TUXTON ON MY TRAIL!

I WAS RIGHT! THOSE SHOTS DID COME FROM OVER THERE! FASTER, RUSH!

ASH LASH REACHES THE BANK—

HELP!
HELP!

WHOA, RUSH! WE'LL HAVE TO LET THAT VAMMINT GO FOR THE MOMENT! IT SOUNDS AS IF SOMEONE IN THE BANK IS BADLY IN NEED OF HELP!

OCH! I'VE BEEN SHOT! I NEED HELP!

SAVE YOUR STRENGTH! DON'T TALK! I'LL GET YOU RIGHT OVER TO A DOCTOR!

AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE—

WELL, DOCTOR?

YOU DIDN'T GET POST HERE A SECOND TOO SOON! HE'LL LIVE, BUT HE'LL HAVE TO LIE FLAT ON HIS BACK FOR AT LEAST A MONTH! YOU CAN GO IN AND TALK TO HIM NOW!

WALLETS REMOVED



I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, MR. POST, AND I GIVE YOU MY WORD, AS A ROVING MARSHAL, I'LL CATCH UP WITH THE WHITE MASK!

I KNOW YUH WILL, BUT RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT A FAVOR TO ASK YUH! WILL YUH GO SEE MY BANK MANAGER, TOM FARRELL, AND TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED SO HE'LL OPEN THE BANK IN THE MORNING AND TAKE OVER TILL I GET BACK?



I SURE WILL, MR. POST! NOW TAKE IT EASY AND GET WELL FAST!

THANKS AGAIN FOR SAVING MY LIFE, LASH!

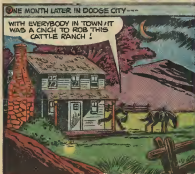


SHORTLY AFTER ---
I'M SURE SORRY TO HEAR WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BOSS, BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE BANK! I'LL RUN IT FER HIM PROPER UNTIL HE GETS BACK!

GOOD! HE'S COUNTING ON YOU, FARRELL!



NOW WE'VE GOT A DATE TO KEEP WITH THE WHITE MASK! I ONLY HOPE WE WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG FOR IT TO COME THROUGH! HIT THE TRAIL! RUSH!



ONE MONTH LATER IN DOODGE CITY---

WITH EVERYBODY IN TOWN IT WAS A CINCH TO ROB THIS CATTLE RANCH!



NOT THAT SECOND---

WHAT'S THAT?

IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME TO CATCH UP WITH YOU, BUT I FINALLY DID! NOW I'M GOING TO DEPOSIT YOU WITH THE LOCAL SHERIFF!



RUSH!
COME
HERE!



I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TAKE MY EYES OFF A SNAKE FOR EVEN A SECOND!



BUT WHAT I SAID BEFORE STILL GOES!
YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THANKS FOR CATCHING THIS VARNINT, LARUE! DODGE CITY WILL BE A HAMPIER PLACE WITH HIM BEHIND BARS!

DODGE CITY
JAILHOUSE



I KNOW SOMEONE ELSE WHO'LL BE HAPPY TO HEAR THAT THE WHITE MASK HAS BEEN CAPTURED! LET'S HIT THE TRAIL FOR TUXTON, RUSH!

THE NEXT DAY IN TUXTON---

THAT SURE IS GOOD NEWS, LASH! I FEEL A LOT BETTER, KNOWING THAT THE BANDIT WHO SHOT ME IS LOCKED UP!

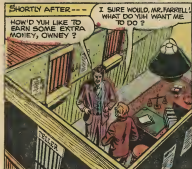


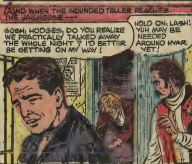
AND IT'S GOOD NEWS TO ME THAT THE DOCTOR SAYS YOU'RE WELL ENOUGH TO GO BACK TO WORK! NOW I'M GOING TO DROP IN ON YOUR SHERIFF HODGES AND SAY HELLO!

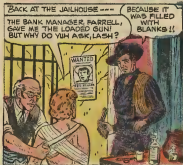
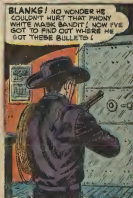
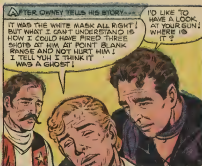
IF YOU'RE GOING BACK TO TOWN, WILL YOU DROP IN AT THE BANK AND TELL MY MANAGER THAT I'LL BE IN TOMORROW TO CHECK THE BOOKS!

I SURE WILL TELL PARRELL! SO LONG NOW!











BACK AT THE JAILHOUSE---

SO FARRELL WAS STUCK WITH GOPHER HILL OIL STOCK, TOO!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, STUCK?



THE GOPHER HILL OIL WELL TURNED OUT TO BE A DUD! IT RAN DRY IN A FEW DAYS AND EVERYONE WHO HAD BOUGHT STOCK IN IT, WAS STUCK WITH IT.

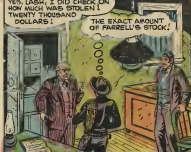
NOW I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHAT REALLY DID HAPPEN! I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE. POST IS DUE BACK AT HIS BANK TODAY AND I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HIM, PRONTO!



AT THE BANK---

YES, LASH, I DID CHECK ON HOW MUCH WAS STOLEN! TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

THE EXACT AMOUNT OF FARRELL'S STOCK!



FARRELL, I'M LOOKING YOU UP FOR ROBBING THE BANK!

LOOKING ME UP? HAVE YUH GONE LOCO, LASH? OWNEY WILL TESTIFY THAT IT WAS THE MAN IN THE WHITE MASK!



YOU SET UP A PERFECT ALIBI FOR YOURSELF, FARRELL, BUT YOU MADE ONE MISTAKE! THE MAN IN THE WHITE MASK HAPPENS TO BE IN THE DODGE CITY JAILHOUSE!

THAT DOESN'T MEAN I WAS THE PHONY WHITE MASKED BANDIT!



THE SECOND MISTAKE YOU MADE WAS LEAVING THAT GUN FULL OF BLANKS, WHICH YOU GAVE OWNEY, AROUND!

THAT STILL DOESN'T MEAN I BROKE INTO THE VAULT LAST NIGHT AND STOLE THE TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!



NO, IT DOESN'T! PARTICULARLY SINCE THE TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WASN'T TAKEN LAST NIGHT!

BUT, LASH, I TELL YUH THAT'S THE AMOUNT MISSING!



I KNOW, POST, BUT HERE'S THE WAY IT WAS PLANNED! RIGHT AFTER THE REAL WHITE MASK WOUNDED YOU, FARRELL BORROWED THE MONEY TO BUY OIL STOCK FIGURING TO PUT THE MONEY BACK BEFORE YOU RETURNED! WELL, THE STOCK TURNED OUT TO BE WORTHLESS! AND WHEN FARRELL HEARD YOU WERE COMING BACK, HE THOUGHT UP THIS WHOLE SCHEME TO COVER UP THE MISSING MONEY!



YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE THAT!

WE HAVE ENOUGH FACTS TO LET A JURY DECIDE WHETHER YOU'RE GUILTY OR NOT!



YOU'RE PRETTY CLEVER, LARUE, BUT MAKE ONE MOVE AND I'LL REALLY FINISH POST OFF! I'M LOCKING YOU IN AND TAKING HIM WITH ME UNTIL I GET OUT OF TOWN!



IF I CALL OUT FOR SOMEONE TO STOP HIM, HE'LL SURELY SHOOT POST!



I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM MYSELF! AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I KNOW HOW TO DO THAT WHILE LOCKED IN HERE!



NO WONDER THEY CALL YOU THE KING OF THE BULLWHIP, LASH! I'LL TIE HIM UP AND THEN UNLOCK THE BANK DOOR!

JUST FIRE YOUR GUN IN THE AIR! THAT'LL BRING THE SHERIFF RUNNING!



AFTER THE DISHONEST FARRELL IS LOCKED UP—

OUR WORK IS FINISHED AROUND HERE, RUSH— SO LET'S HIT THE TRAIL!

THERE GOES THE BRAVEST AND THE SMARTEST ROVING MARSHAL IN THE WORLD!

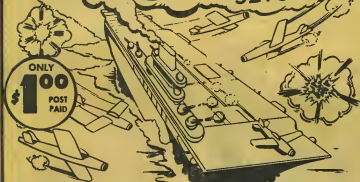
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!



KIDS! BE THE FIRST
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WITH **5** CATAPULTING
JETS



Send only \$1.00 NOW for this wonderful toy! It catapults, it floats, it runs on dry land. Equipped with 5 catapulting jets that zoom off the runway with the flick of the finger. The carrier is fully 2/3's of a foot long!

ONLY \$1.00

We also send you, at no extra cost, a small supporting fleet of real plastic molded warships, consisting of:

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- 1 CRUISER
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MOLASSES MOUTH



ON ACCOUNT



A SOLDIER

By R. R. Symes



JOE QUENTIN, Officer of the Guard, led the wiry round-shouldered man toward Colonel Potterby's quarters. As he walked he studied a document, frowning. "Your papers seem to be in order, Mr. Toady," he said. "I'll take you to the colonel at once."

"Stow that 'mister' stuff," responded Toady, with a laugh. "If you keep calling me 'mister' I'll have to send for my valet and my swallow-tailed coat. Everybody in these parts calls me just Toady and I'll thank you to do the same."

Joe Quentin looked at the other man and tried to picture him in a swallow-tailed coat. He couldn't make it. Toady was wearing scuffed and shineless boots, worn pants and chaps, a faded blue shirt and a beat and bent broad-brimmed hat. Quentin shook his head as he opened the door to the colonel's office, motioning Toady inside.

Colonel Potterby's hard, clear eyes regarded Toady, and plainly the look was hostile. Obviously, Colonel Potterby's tidy military mind was revolted by the rough and ready clothing the wiry man wore, and by the slouch of his shoulders.

The colonel, in contrast, was stiff as a ramrod. His iron gray hair was well brushed, his mustaches bristled, and his well pressed uniform was spotless. He was every inch a cavalry officer in the best tradition. After a brief introduction and a glance at the paper, the colonel dismissed Joe Quentin.

Toady slouched in a chair and drawled, "Well, pard, I reckon those papers tell what I'm here for. You and I have got a dangerous mission to perform and I allow it's best we palavar about it first off, then go into action."

Colonel Potterby's face reddened and it seemed he would explode. Only the strict discipline of long military life made him able to control himself. For a full minute he was silent,

then he said, "My orders—from Washington—are to take the Fort San Pedro regiment into the hills and clean out a band of desperadoes known as the Crimson Kids. I understand they are no more than fifty in number, a group of undisciplined outlaws. My men are well trained and courageous. I hope you will not take it as an affront, Mr. Toady, when I say we shall not need your aid."

Toady chewed on a toothpick and grinned. "I'm not easily affronted, colonel, and I hope you are the same. I believe your men are brave—braver than the Crimson Kids, maybe. And I also believe that if you go into the hills, making like an army, you'll be wiped out to the last man."

Once again it required a great effort on the colonel's part to keep himself from exploding. "Mr. Toady, although your papers of recommendation seem to be in order, I shall not permit you to lounge here and insult my men. If you were in the army, sir, I should deal with you in no uncertain terms! I'd make you a man—or a corpse!"

Toady rose. Insolently he shook a finger under the officer's nose. "If I were in the army, I'd be a general and the first thing I'd do would be to bust you to a private!"

Even the best disciplined man has his breaking point. The colonel was so outraged that he shot his fit at Toady's chin. The wiry man was hurled back against the wall by the force of the blow. Claret dripped from his lips. But they were grinning.

The colonel was shaking with rage, but Toady merely patted his swollen jaw and chuckled, "I figured there might be a human being inside that tin soldier suit. And I was right. Listen, colonel. Suppose you drop the mister and start calling me, by my handle—Toady. And then suppose we get down to our

business which is subduing the Crimson Kids without butchering your regiment."

Colonel Potterby exploded once again. "Why you insolent saddle tramp, do you think you can give me orders right in my own . . ."

Toady had jumped to his feet. No longer was his manner relaxed. His voice crackled like lightning. "Stow it, Private Potterby!" he growled. "You're a tough man, but I've got something on you. If it ever gets out that you struck a defenseless civilian, you'll be broken so low even the Navy won't have you. Understand?"

The colonel bit his lip. "I understand. It's blackmail, Mr. Toady. I shall resign my commission before I submit to it!"

"Good boy!" grinned Toady. "Let's shake on that!" The wiry man extended his hand. The colonel looked puzzled for a moment, then extended his own right. Colonel Potterby was a trifle astonished at the bone crushing grip of Toady.

The colonel slumped back in his chair, breathing a big sigh. "I still don't quite understand you, Mister—uh—that is—Toady."

"But now you want to?"

"Yes, yes! I want to!"

Once again Toady was his relaxed, grinning self. His swollen jaw seemed not to interfere with his good humor. "Mister Potterby—if you'll forgive me for calling a colonel 'mister'—I'll tell you how it is. Nobody doubts your ability as a military commander. Nobody doubts the courage of your men. Under the rules of war you would doubtless emerge victorious against the most formidable enemy."

"Thank you," said the military man, bowing his head.

"But these coyotes in the hills don't follow any rules," continued Toady. "They are outlaws—sneaks and cheats. The kind of men you abhor. If you were to proceed against them in the customary military way, with banners flying and bugles blowing, they would pick off your men, and yourself, one by one from ambush. You could pit a thousand men against

fifty and they would win."

The colonel stroked his chin. "What do you advise, Toady?"

A glint came into the eyes of the other man. He stood at the officer's desk, sketched roughly on a paper, mapping out a plan of action. Grudgingly, the colonel admitted the plan had merit. "The thing I have been sent to prevent," said Toady, "is having you send your whole regiment into the hills with bugles blowing and banners flying—a ripe target for the Crimson Kids!"

The colonel nodded.

The next day the colonel rode into the hills at the head of a group of picked horsemen. He had a bugler at his left, a standard bearer at his right. The bugle sounded, the banner waved in the breeze. A rifle exploded from behind jutting rocks. The colonel was rocked from his horse by the blast. As he fell he shouted, "Take cover, men. That's an order!" The horsemen quickly dismounted and swung into action.

The Crimson Kid gang was amazed and dismayed a short while later, when they found that they were surrounded — surrounded by cavalrymen, dismounted and alithering among rocks, creeping and crawling, on direct instructions from the man called Toady. The entire fifty of the Crimson Kids were rounded up and quickly jailed.

TOADY visited Colonel Potterby in the doctor's office where the officer's shoulder wound was being doctored. Toady said, "Colonel Potterby, you are the bravest man I ever saw. The outlaws expected the army to come in after them with bugles and flags. You led them to think that's what was happening, and you got wounded for your pains. You might have gotten killed. But you are responsible for the capture of the most vicious outlaws in the West!"

Colonel Potterby smiled. He said to Toady, "Thank you, young fellow. If you would straighten up your shoulders, I might be able to use my influence to get you into the cavalry—as a general!"

THE END

HEY KIDS!!

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COMPLETE WITH 8 ROLLS
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5. Howdy Doody Goes Hunting for Rabbits
6. Howdy Doody in the Side Show
7. Howdy Doody Goes to Mars
8. Howdy Doody Visits Indian Friends

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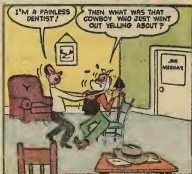
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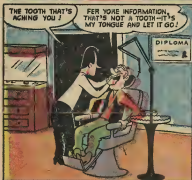
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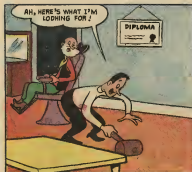
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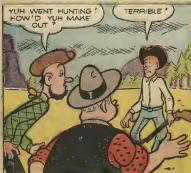






WAGONWHEELS

--HARE-RAISING TIME!



BIG BOW and LITTLE ARROW

in
PARTY
CAPERS

MY, MY, BIG BOW, YOU
SURE LOOK
DIFFERENT TODAY!

WHAT MEAN, DIFFERENT,
LITTLE ARROW?

YOU LOOK
CLEAN!

ME NO LIKE THAT
REMARK, ME
ALWAYS CLEAN!

IF YOU TALKING ABOUT
BEING BROKE, ME
AGREE --- YOU ALWAYS
CLEANED!

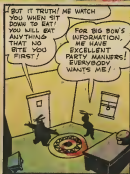
NO BOTHER ME
NON, LITTLE
ARROW! ME
GOT TO GET
READY FOR
PARTY!

IF GOING TO PARTY
YOU SHOULD LOOK
HAPPY, NOT SAD!

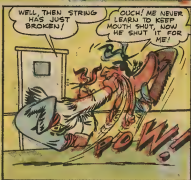
NO CAN HELP! IT
GOING TO BE FISH
PARTY AND FISH
REMINDE ME OF WORMS--

---AND ME NO CAN
STAND SIGHT OF
WORMS!

IS THAT WHY YOU
NO HAVE MIRRORS
AROUND?







Lash LARUE

and THE DEVIL'S GAP PLOT!



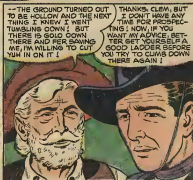
THAT SOUNDS
JUST LIKE A HUMAN
VOICE, BUT MY EYES
CAN VIEW ALMOST
A MILE ON THESE
FLAT PLAINS AND
THERE'S NOT A SOUL
IN SIGHT! I MUST
BE HEARING
THINGS!

HELP!
HELP!

HELP!
HELP!

SAY, THE VOICE SEEMS TO BE
COMING FROM UNDER
THAT BOULDER!

THERE'S A HOLE RIGHT NEXT TO THE
BOULDER! IT IS POSSIBLE THAT SOMEONE
FELL INTO IT! I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK!









WHEREVER THIS GOES TO, I
HOPE IT TAKES ME TO
POOR CLEM!



THE EXIT IS OUTSIDE
THE GAMBLING CASINO!
WHOEVER SNATCHED
CLEM TOOK HIM AWAY
FROM HERE!



IT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF THOSE
THREE MEN WE MET LAST NIGHT,
BUT WHICH ONE? I'LL GO BACK,
AND SEE WHICH ONE OF THEM
SHOWS UP!



SECONDS LATER...

TUG'S HERE!
THAT MEANS IT
WAS ONE OF THE
OTHER TWO!



OH, HAL'S HERE, TOO! I DIDN'T SEE HIM!
THAT MEANS THE
MAN I'M LOOKING
FOR IS BLADE!



AT THAT
MOMENT...

GOOD MORNING, TUG!
GOOD MORNING, HAL!

THIS IS SOMETHING I DIDN'T
EXPECT! ALL THREE OF THEM
ARE HERE!
EITHER ALL
THREE OF
THEM ARE IN
ON THIS
TOGETHER--



---OR THE GUILTY PARTY IS PLAYING THIS
VERY SMART! BY COMING BACK, HE
FIGURES HE WOULDN'T BE
SUSPECTED!



MY PARTNER, CLEM, DISAPPEARED
DURING THE NIGHT AND THERE
ARE SOME QUESTIONS I
WANT TO ASK YOU!

WHO DO YUH
THINK YUH
ARE ---THE
LAW?



EXACTLY! MY NAME'S LASH LARUE! I'M A ROVING MARSHAL! NOW, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'D ALL BETTER TALK! WHICH ONE OF YOU KIDNAPPED CLEM?

DON'T LOOK AT ME! I WENT HOME AND WENT TO SLEEP! I CAN PROVE IT!

I PLAYED CARDS ALL NIGHT AND I CAN PROVE IT!

MY REPUTATION WILL TALK FOR ME! I'VE NEVER BEEN IN TROUBLE WITH THE LAW! THESE TWO HAVE! THEY'RE BOTH EX-CONVICTS!

BOTH EX-CONVICTS! I'M GOING TO LOOK YOU TWO UP ON GROUNDS OF SUSPICION!

YUH CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING AGAINST ME!

ME NEITHER!

IN THAT CASE, THE COURT WILL FREE YOU IN DUE TIME! NOW LET'S GO! I'M TURNING YOU TWO OVER TO THE LOCAL SHERIFF!

THAT DUE TIME WILL GIVE ME ALL THE TIME I NEED! I FIGURED THEIR REPUTATIONS WOULD LEAVE ME IN THE CLEAR! AS SOON AS THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT, I'LL GET GOING!

SHORTLY AFTER...

CLEM SHOULD HAVE COME TO BY NOW!

ALL YUH HAVE TO DO, MISTER, 'S TELL ME WHERE YUH FOUND THE GOLD AND NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO YUH!

YO'RE WASTING YORE TIME! I'LL NEVER TELL YUH ANYTHING!

I THINK YUH WILL!



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